

Can't retell this shit interestingly, it's been years since it happened and still confuses me up to this day.

My parent's house burned down when I was in kindergarden. They have a fuckhuge lawn, but ended up in debt, so the ruins of that thing still stand there. Last time I visited, there was the top of a tree looking out of the roof. My dad has a car repair shop with it's building and a flat attached to it that was supposed to be for my brother where my family moved into eventually.

>be 11 or so
>dad gone on business trip for about a month
>mom doesn't want to be alone, so I watch tv with her in the evenings
>stormy night
>around 10pm, a fucking loud noise from the car repair shop side of the building
>sounds like a tree crashed into the roof
>it's storming so we both figure that's what happened, go there to check it out
>it's fucking nothing.jpeg
>everything quite as fuck, even though rain dashes against windows
>ignore it and continue watching movie
>next day, weather's fine
>10pm, the same fucking loud noise as if the roof crashed in
>that shit happens each day at the same time for three weeks or so
>my mom starts freaking out, buys pepper spray even though that makes no fucking sense
>oversleep one day
>got woken up at 11am latest usually
>nobody is in the house
>check everywhere
>outside
>my whole family stands there, between the ruin of the old house and the dark red colored "new house"
>stare at a point at one of it's outer walls and discuss
>Check it out
>White mark on the wall, around knee's height, looks like a

dragged handprint or a hand with just three fingers
>get it off the wall
>the weird noises stopped that day

There was so much shit going on in that village we lived in now that I think about it, and I have no idea what any of it was.

>actually before the handprint-thing took place
>had to share room with grandma because the flat was originally intended for just two people, not five
>no sleepovers allowed for that reason
>only had one friend
>we decide to just camp in the garden to circumvent the sleepover-rule

>old house is on a small hill
>set up tent at it's bottom because that was the only place where it was even possible to set up
>friend and me know that my dad was going to scare us that night
>can see living room light from the tent
>parents have wind chime at front door, inside, so you can hear when they open the door
>before midnight, we hear the door open, my dad walking towards us
>he picked up an apple from one of our trees and throws it against the tent a couple of times
>we laugh it off, hear him go back inside, shortly after lights in the house go off
>an hour later
>somebody is throwing an apple against the tent again
>didn't hear the wind charm, lights still out
>somebody throws an apple against the tent for three fucking hours straight
>eventually fall asleep, scared shitless
>find one rotten apple in front of tent next morning even though apples weren't even ripe yet

And this is the scariest thing that ever happened to me. Had my first panic attack then. Oh boy, that sure was fun.

>we camped a lot in the garden, most of the time everything was normal
>friend's family moved, could just spent the night there now since they now lived closer (my parents were fucking paranoid)
>was a long time since we camped last, decide to do that one last time
>terrible weather for weeks, we didn't give a fuck
>set up tent
>set up that protective whatever it's called against the rain with brute force to make sure it would stay in place
>come evening, intense rain
>notice walls of tent got wet, the fucking thing got loose
>get outside to check on it
>was neatly taken off the tent
>wat
>fix it and go back to chilling and having fun
>rain subsides, middle of the night
>start noticing a weird shuffling noise
>sounds like someone wearing loose sandals was walking in circles through the wet grass
>know that parents have been in bed for hours already
>try to ignore it, must be my imagination
>friend grows silent
>"anon do you hear that, too"
>it's encircling the tent, getting closer, moving around it in a spiral pattern
>freeze, friend is clutching our now turned off flashlight like a weapon
>stare at wall of tent
>it's really fucking close now
>faint light from neighbor's place makes a shadow visible
>it's about as wide as my arm, but fucking tall
>clearly walks around the tent, must have been less than a meter from us
>sound of an engine starting up
>NOPE.exe

>start panicking, hyperventilate, hide in sleeping back and fear for my life
>no idea how much time passed when friend whispers to me that it's gone now
>told me later that it started moving away in the same manner it moved towards us

No fucking idea what the hell that was.